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remark: "Isn't it just about fruitcake weather?" The 24-hour idyll began on Sunday afternoon around 3 P.M. I had been at my desk for several hours and had a fairly good grasp on the situation I had just about come to the conclusion that I would drive to Clinton Township and photograph Grinnard Tombstones when I heard a peculiar motor/engine sound outside. When I first heard it it sounded to me like a bull snorting in anger. Being quite certain that such a creature was not on the north lawn, I nevertheless prudently opened the front door and peeked to the left & there sat John's motorcycle. The snorting bull turned out to be Chain saw which John had brought along in a milk case that was strapped on the back of his motorcycle. I could not help but think that the Suzuki motorcycle was the equivalent of the old baby buggy in the Copate story. In that milk case John had packed not only the Chain saw but also a can of gas, one of oil, tools and a 20-inch aluminum ruler for cutting/markings the trees for feral cutting. John was in a very take charge mood and I instantly got involved in the tree cutting-down process. There are entirely too many trees around the church and not enough sunlight can penetrate through, and I do want the afternoon sunlight -- not only because I love the light at that time of day, but also because I want the winter sun to come through the south windows and provide extra warmth. Several trees are hanging onto the roof and they will ultimately damage the shingles. At any rate, John cut off a particularly annoying branch from an ash tree outside the SW window and then he came inside. We both did, at his suggestion.

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JOB: "Let's go inside for a few minutes. I have a present for you." From behind his back, once we were inside, John produced a new pair of paratrooper boots/shoes. They are designed to provide extra ankle support for paratroopers and so they are high-shoes -- reaching about half way to the knee. John instructed me how to lace them and I put them on, and thanked John two or three more times for the boots. JOB: "I'm glad you like them. I was sure that you would." Out into the late-afternoon light we went and John cut down two or three more trees and cut up the one that John K. and I cut down the summer -- the tree he laid across the path to the Palazzo Gondolfo. John went about cutting off the small branches with great speed. The Chain saw made quick work of branches, limbs three inches and more in diameter. Before the large limbs and the trunk of each tree could be cut up by John, it was my job to use the 20-inch aluminum bar & mark off 20-inch lengths, using a piece of white chalk that John had brought along. We worked for about an hour and John cut down ^{and then cut into 20-inch lengths} about a half-dozen trees. I gathered up the branches and the scrap wood and put them in piles. Ultimately the Chain loosened on the saw & the blades became dull & the saw no longer operated as it should. John said that he would have to go back to his home and tune-up the saw. I do not have the tools necessary to effect repairs to Chain saw -- my tool kit consists of a hammer, a pair of wire cutters, a screw driver, a shovel and that's about it. SRP: "Why don't